

COME

Come, follow me

I can show to you the places that I've been
and the beauty that I have seen & felt
in places unknown to man.

I will show to you the sunrise & sunset
within me...

Rainy days, sunny days, and days inbetween

I will give to you my fears, my doubts, my love,

Come, let us walk together

finding signs of life unknown to both of us.

Let us create a path

where we can walk side by side,
hand in hand

We can cross the barren desert
when life seems empty,

We can climb the highest mountains
when goodness & light show us the way
and reach the ocean,

to watch the sunrise & set
when at peace.

Come, my friend

Let us love one another.

TERRI ANDERSON

DES MOINES CATHOLIC WRK

VIA PACK
(THE WAY OF PEACE)
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SUMMER DISCUSSIONS

On Hospitality

Now, nearly two months after we were to occupy Monsignor Ligutti House of Hospitality, we still wait as the present occupants look for a new shelter.. The anticipation is high, the frustration great, but the patience we learn is a lesson we need. When we do take stewardship of the house (how can we own land, which God gives freely?) Frank, Ed and John will move in and we will begin the process of rehabilitation.

The two months since we planned on opening Ligutti House, however, have allowed us to work harder at exploring each other as members of the same community. Things are much more difficult than they were when the community numbered just three. With nine, we can share house responsibilities more, but we also have been realizing that we have to accept more responsibility for each other, to follow up on our brothers with their chins on the ground and our sisters who scream silently in frustration at our coldness to each other and our guests.

The transience of our household is something we always amaze at. One day we number 17 in our one little house, and the next day perhaps just six. Most of the guests can handle the tight quarters for a few days with a bit of cooperation from the others. Lord, give us the strength to do the same.

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Part of the Catholic Worker tradition is the round table discussion where people join together to verbalize and clarify thoughts. The liturgy is celebrated every Friday at the house (713 Indiana, one block north of University) at 8 p.m., followed by a discussion.

August 5: No discussion. Following Mass, there will be a clean-up party for Msgr. Ligutti House.

August 12: Sr. Eve Kavanagh, R.S.-C.J., Hospice: A Ministry to the Dying

August 19: Bishop Maurice Dingman, Peace and Justice and our Prisons (rescheduled)

August 26: Jacque Dickey, Exercises in Street Theatre

via pacis is published by the Des Moines Catholic Worker Community, P.O.Box 4551, Des Moines, Iowa 50306, Tel. (515) 243-0765 Community: Frank Cordaro, Joe Da Via, Ann Deitchman, Jacque Dickey, Eve Kavanagh,

Ed Polich, Mike Smith, and John Zeitler. Subscriptions are free upon request.

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY

When I was a high school student in the 50's, I visited Dorothy Day at the Hospitality House in the Bowery. Twenty years later I am residing at a Catholic Worker Hospitality House in Des Moines. It's been an interesting journey.

Over the years I've read the Catholic Worker, the letters of deHueck. I've admired Jean Vanier and spoke with Mother Theresa. I've admired their spirituality and dedication, but thought I could improve on their effectiveness.

After completing seminary, I worked with Head Start parents in Erie's inner city. We succeeded in routing some city buses through the ghetto and in convincing a hospital to open a clinic in the area. I then thought I would be more effective if I worked with the power people in the suburbs. I was ordained and sent to an upper-middle class suburban parish. Using the prestige of the position, I helped organize a housing corporation which undertook 180 units of low-income housing. And I preached social justice.

Still vaguely unsatisfied with the results, I thought I needed to sharpen my organizing skills. I got a MSW from Pitt in community organizing. But academic

training was not the answer either. Lately I've returned to the under current of my life - personalism, non-violence - the Catholic Worker. Reading the Scriptures reaffirms the approach.

By living at the Msgr. Ligutti House of Hospitality and continuing as full-time associate pastor in an urban-suburban parish I hope to be more at peace with myself and more help to the parishioner. More at peace because I think I will be responding to a personal call of the Spirit. More help because I'm more at peace myself and because I'll be more able to be a bridge between the needs and beauties of the central city and the beauties and needs of Holy Trinity Parish.

-- John Zeitler



WORKER HOUSE BLUES!

I'm not very good on dates, but it was about a month or so after the Rose Bowl when I first picked up Mike Smith somewhere just east of downtown. Mike had hiked from Indiana to come help us for a while. Since that day, Mike has been with us on the staff. With a staff of four, the need for staff meeting became almost mandatory. Since Mike, there have been more people join our community. At present, it's very evident that our house is suffering from growing pains. Our staff has nearly doubled now, with some living outside of the house. With the frustration of not being able to obtain our second house for awhile, the reality of a growing community, and just the plain old heat, tension has erupted. Many different views on hospitality coming from everyone, the agony of not being able to express feelings with everyone, and the regular old "cramped up in a little house" feeling has made me realize how we really need to see the other person. Around here, it takes quite a while before you really get to know one another, and often times the bad spots on the apple stick out the most. We are experiencing each

other's different ways of thinking, each other's sorrows. With the community growing as it is, more time is needed for us working with each other. But with all of us either working jobs, running the house, raising a kid, or whatever, it's often difficult to sit down with one another and really get to know each other's feelings. I see our growing community not as a threat, but as part of the whole mess I got into when I moved into the Worker six months ago. It's the mess that will either make you stay or leave. Each of us entered the door of the Catholic Worker house with different approaches. But whatever they are, all are based on the same center, the center that brought us to the inner city. "Each person's turf is affected when a new voice speaks within the turf." This new voice will go either of two ways. The community will either grow, or a deeper chaos will set in, with the chaos already present. Cutting each other's throat can easily happen. It is times like these when the Worker in Des Moines really grows. We discover our weaknesses, our lack of expression, our true need for a closer relationship with the Father. As we grow, one way or another, we will also hurt. It's no different from any other family. Everyone, including myself, sees too many wrong ways going on about the house. But in every mission, breadline, and Catholic Worker around the country, somebody's still going to find a wrong way. In the acts of serving

the needy at the Des Moines Worker, I don't think anyone can say that our work is either wrong or right. It's just a way, a way that's being tried. Maybe someday we'll find out how Christ would have done it if he were lining on 713 Indiana Street. That day will only come when we realize that sometimes we don't really see, know, or listen to what's really going on. My major second hang-up is being young. My first one is being human. In this house, God's house, we should all know where to find the answers. But to ask the questions is sometimes admitting to ourselves that we're imperfect. But we all are human, and should be very dependent, not only on God but with each other.

It's easy to live with people you don't like. All you have to

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It is quite amazing to leave the house for even a short time and meet new guests when returning. Being the late night gatekeeper, I have developed the talent of answering the phone, opening the door and welcoming new friends while never even waking up. It does get rather embarrassing, though, to wake up for breakfast and ask Mike and Ann who the guests are that I let in just hours before.

In addition to the new staff members announced in our last issue, we would also like to welcome Sr. Eve Kavanaugh, and Jacquee Dickey to our community. Eve and Jacquee share an apartment across the alley from the Worker house, and help regularly with house

do is ignore them. But living with friends is different. Just because communication, love and sensitivity is hard to find at the house doesn't mean it isn't there. It's just hiding. Some people are afraid to cut loose, maybe because of fear of losing something. But the fact is, by joining the Worker, all of us lost something anyway.

Although the blues may be setting in, we still run one of the more easy Worker houses from what I've seen. So I guess if we risk something while patching up our small problems, maybe it won't be so hard when the big one comes. And if we're not prepared for that, we'll lose more than we can afford.

-- Ed Polich

operations and support of staff and guests. Kathy and Kevin opted for the apartment next to Jacquee's, so in many ways, we have a three house complex. Perhaps an artist colony is a better term, with banner making, cooking, banjo-piano-guitar-and-harmonica playing, bicycle maintenance, wood carving, praying, cleaning, talking (one of the truest arts), rug hooking and skateboarding on the toy xylophone all happening on our street in the course of one day.

Do pray for us. We constantly struggle with hospitality. Do we offer enough of ourselves? Do we treat women guests differently than we treat men? Are guests second class citizens, or our reason for being? --Joe Da Via

Poverty - Real or Illusion?

What does being poor mean? Who are the poor? And how should we treat them? The scriptures give us ample examples of who the poor are and how they are to be treated. Christ's own mandate is that those who follow him must become "poor in spirit" and that "whatever we do to the least we do to him"-- very specifically, feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty and clothing the naked.

It seems that the poor occupy a constituent role in the Christian way. Yet, with all the direct and explicit scriptural references we have, today there are many conflicting views on what being poor is. Who is poor? How do we act towards them?

There are those who say that there are many types of poverty, more than just the material poverty that seems to be dominant in scripture. In fact, didn't Christ say "Blessed are the poor in spirit?" Surely Christ raised the whole question of poverty to a spiritual level -- one that every person could identify with. Who is not poor or in want when it comes to God's saving act of redemption? Who among us can say that they are deserving of God's love and therefore not poor in the eyes of God?

Since on this dogmatic (and abstract) level we all share in the poverty of "sin", each and every one of us is poor in some way or another. Such thinking in America

leads many practicing Christians to ascertain that the poor are not just in India with Mother Theresa, but that they are here with us. The "poor" rich are suffering the many different "deaths" that our death wish society inflicts upon them. The many expressions of alienation and lack of love, the complete dependency personalities and the powerless positions that most Americans experience help to impoverish our whole country -- a spiritually poor country of 6% of the world's population who gobbles up 40% of its usable resources.

Those who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear can easily discern this hypocrisy of the highest level. It is little wonder that in America, the country of illusion and false myths, a country known for its ability to act with no discernable connection with its professed beliefs, has its Christians concerned with poverty of the rich and has its ministers of the Gospel bringing the good word of freedom to those impoverished "rich."

But aren't the many death expressions in our society -- a rich society -- real and serious obstacles to the Christian way of life? Of course they are! They are strangling and killing us as loving human beings and should be of great concern to us all. But it is not poverty! Those who do not want of material necessities

have very real sufferings. But they are not the sufferings of the poor but the sufferings of spiritually sick people.

The first step towards any real healing of our spiritual



sickness -- sickness that effects the very quality of our material well being -- must be making words mean what they say and say what they mean. When Christ spoke of the poor, he was never that removed from the materially poor of his day. Christ speaks from a long line of Old Testament prophets whose central concern was society's injustice to its real poor. The Old Testament prophets saw the connection between how the poor were being treated and how the heart of a people was staying faithful to their God.

Christ saw the one lead right into the other. Aquinas speaks of a basic theological phenomenon that grace builds on nature. The poor in spirit that Christ speaks of in Matthew is a grace poverty that builds on the natural poverty of its day. Whereas you can not be poor in spirit without a direct relation to the natural poverty of your own time, you can be naturally poor without any spiritual benefit. Christ did not speak of two unrelated types of poor -- that is, those who had very little of their material needs met and those who claimed the poverty of humanity before its God.

How do Americans become "poor in spirit" without the shortcuts of systematic theology? How do we achieve a type of poverty that will not only move us away from the death-wish society in which we are enslaved, but will actually help affect the real poor of the world, a world whose poor are not poor by accident but because of the individual and collective greed and fear of the few who have so much yet fear so much more? It is the challenge that we Christians must really take seriously. How we deal with the real poor is the indicator of how our hearts lie with the Lord. Spiritual sickness is directly aligned with poverty. We need to see their connection and we need to see their difference.

Finally, it is in the Eucharist that we stand under the blessing or the curse of the challenge of

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PRISON JOURNAL

(Jack Duggan, of the Omaha St. Therese Catholic Worker House of Hospitality, wrote the following letter from the Alexandria Jail after a training seminar in the Washington D.C. area. Frank plans on attending a similar seminar this month.)

Frank,
I got a letter from Joanie today. She said you weren't ready to go to jail and you would like to talk to me. Well since I'm not sure how much longer I'll be here (it can't be more than 19 days, or August 6; judge said today it would be a 30 day maximum sentence). I'll write you and give you my feelings and thoughts. The sentencing is Monday. I will either be released or given from 1 to 19 more days. I'll have served 11 by then.

Let me start from the beginning. I went to Washington with a two-fold purpose: to find out if I was ready for divine obedience (a term I much prefer to civil disobedience) and to learn and grow in my life as a nonviolent person. I knew there would probably be some kind of action. When Bob and I got here we took our stuff to Penn House, a Friends meeting house, where we had the session.

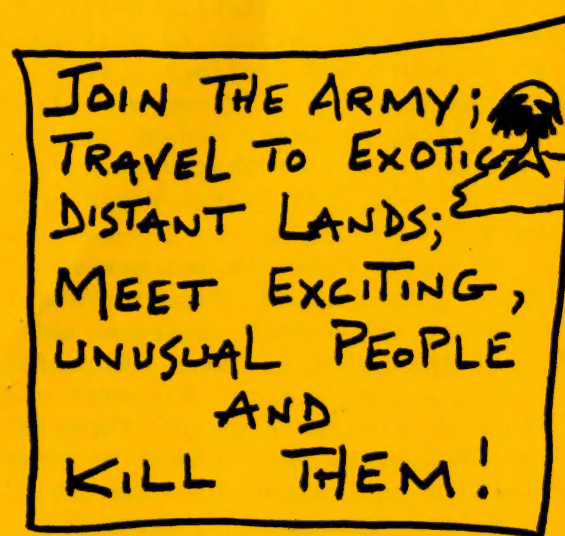
I want to say something here that Ladon Sheats, one of the workshop leaders from Jonah House,

said at the beginning of our session. Try not to have any preconceived notions about how or what we'll do. I think that's important because you'll be dealing with three different coordinators in your session. I've been told 25 people are signed up for your session.

Anyway, we just got acquainted Thursday night. Friday morning we went over to the Pentagon for a tour. When we were seated waiting for the tour to start, the Pentagon security chief came out and said John Schuchardt, from Jonah House, couldn't go in because he'd been arrested there several times (he called John a troublemaker). John said they would have to carry him out or he wasn't going. We had a quick huddle (instant community). John said he was going to stay put but everyone could do what he wanted. They gave us five minutes to go on the tour or leave. Some went on the tour, others went up to go and came back and then everyone (those four of us who sat down with John) went down to the concourse (a shopping mall down below). Five of us were arrested and taken downstairs. Carmel (the security chief) said they'd arrest us for loitering. I sat down with John because I felt he had a right to go on that tour. If they were worried about him doing something they could have

searched him, though I'm sure he wouldn't have cooperated with that either. They held us for two hours and finally released us. It happened entirely by accident but the divine obedience question was answered.

The rest of the weekend we shared about why we came and what we hoped to get from the session. We also saw some really powerful films-- among them "Nixon's Secret Legacy"



and "In Solitary Witness": a documentary on Gordon Zahn's book about Franz Jagerstatter, a German peasant who was executed for refusing to cooperate with the Nazis.

Dom Helder Camara was at Tabor House in D.C. and we heard him give a talk and celebrate the Eucharist. We had a picnic Sunday afternoon to unwind and rest. That was neat. Sunday night John and Ladon moved out of their

leadership role and we began in earnest discussing what we wanted to do and our process.

That was really a hard but rewarding task. Fourteen different people gathered together with a common tying bond: abhorrence with the nuclear arms race (madness) and an abiding faith that God would work through us for our own good and the good of humankind.

We had several real struggles with the process--different interpretations of consensus and some wanted majority rule.

We finally decided to focus on ERDA (Energy, Research and Development Administration) which is a cover for the Pentagon's nuclear weapon's development. That's where the neutron bomb is being developed. They also do solar energy research, etc., there to make it look respectable. John Schuchardt talked to a guy who admitted that was the case. We leafleted there Tuesday and also at the Pentagon for a couple of hours. Reflected on that and decided Tuesday night to act for sure at the Pentagon and maybe at ERDA. We decided definitely Wednesday that we would act at both places and have a silent candle vigil from ERDA to the Pentagon Wednesday followed by an all night vigil at the river entrance of the Pentagon.

Let me tell you about my decision process on the divine obedience. After being arrested on Friday I knew I could be arrested but the problem of being in jail entered in. It happened so quick Friday I didn't have

time to weigh all the consequences. As the session progressed I gradually realized what a terrible evil and madness the Pentagon represented. I can now freely use the term nuclear madness because of the films I've seen, talking to ERDA and Pentagon people while passing out leaflets. Some of their reactions: at the Pentagon, "Go to the White House, that's where the decisions are made," "get a job," "life is a game and you've got to take things lightly." At ERDA: "You're at the wrong place, go to the Pentagon," "go out to the testing lab (where the scientists do research)." People at the testing lab said go to ERDA. A big mad merry-go-round. Nobody taking personal responsibility. Pass the buck to the next place because we aren't directly involved. People hypnotized so crazily by the power of this evil monster--the bomb--that they're willing to surrender their souls to its destructive power--to participate in the spiritual death of the world. Let

God be the judge but we have got to act for life, for peace, for the future of humankind.

I'm getting a little long winded here but I've come to realize the real brutality of our death system in jail. It's so dehumanizing and impersonal. I've been reading and writing a lot. Got to keep the mind alert to keep from getting bored. I also walk 2 or three miles every day.

So I reached my decision Wednesday night. It was really hard and as I wrote my parents to tell them my thoughts and feelings I realized that I really saw my duty to follow my heart and my conscience no matter what anyone thought and that things would come out right.

I might throw in another tip here. There is no coercion to do civil disobedience. Everyone did what they wanted. Seven of us did c.d. (an easier term, I guess)--four at the Pentagon and three at ERDA--they waited half an hour for the police to pick them up and were released: no witness.

Thursday morning the four of us had a prayer for about five minutes before we left. We got in a car, Ladon in front and Roger, Anna and I in the back. Mary from Connecticut drove. When we got to the Pentagon steps, Ladon jumped out and ran toward a pillar by the four guards on the steps. Each of us in the back seat jumped out and ran to a pillar. I can remember running up the steps but I don't remember throwing the blood. Anyway, I turned around, dropped the baby

bottle (a pint of blood had been in it) and I felt as peaceful and happy as I've ever felt. When looked across the street and saw the banners unfurling (our support group), my joy started building and reached a peak when they put us in the Federal Protective Service car and I looked and saw the blood of life and death--the life we want for ourselves and brothers and sisters around the world and the death we will all experience and are experiencing if this mad race to destruction continues.

So here I am waiting to be sent back outside so I can continue to work for peace. I'll be a humbler but harder worker to bring the Good News of Jesus's nonviolence and respect for people to my friends and foes alike. Here's a quote from St. Paul I like: I Corinthians 13:6 or 7--"Love takes no pleasure in the sins of other people, but delights in the truth." That's what we've all got to try to do: speak and act the truth with love, not hate.

It's pretty hot in here but I'll manage. Hope I can see you

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the poor. Nowhere else is it so clearly brought out in the concrete that our spiritual and natural needs are so closely connected. It is in the sharing of real bread and real wine, elements of substance for our physical bodies, that we experience the spiritual substance for our souls (our embodied spirits). The element of sharing is just as constituent as the elements of bread and wine. If we do not share



before you come here. Think I'll probably hitchhike back. Take care and write if you have any questions. You can find out Monday whether I'm in or out cause I'll call Omaha. Say hi to Mike, Charlie and Joe.

Peace and Hope,
Jack

in the everyday stuffs that give us physical substance, or if our everyday stuffs are obtained at the expense of others, then the ordinary stuffs of bread and wine at our tables of thanksgiving can be only vile, hollow offerings of a sick people. The proof of the Eucharist is in how eucharistic we are with the stuffs that sustain us in our everyday physical world.

--Frank Cordaro

DEATH



It was a quiet Saturday morning. Kevin slept pretty late and was eating an apple on the front porch. Eddie and Frank went into our "Tivoli West" garden across the street to weed the beans. Coleen relaxed in the living room before starting a busy week of work. Kathy wiped the apple juice from her hair and picked long blonde strands from Kevin's apple after his affectionate hug.

I was waiting. Good friends from out of town were coming for a visit. A long day of anticipation long anticipated. Sandee, Keith and Karen were leaving Michigan around 4 a.m. and would be here for dinner.

Another friend was due any minute. We'd never met him before, but we hold a lot in common. We all love the Des Moines area and call it home. We share a respect for life, and put it above the profits of a few. We have a similar respect for Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day, co-founders of the Catholic Worker movement, and the consciousness they aroused in

the Catholic church. And we all see the need of getting people back to the land, even if it is only small efforts, like our quarter-acre Tivoli West.

As the new blue Impala drove in, it looked a bit out of place in our neighborhood, where most cars are old and battered. Fr. John Gorman was behind the wheel, and beside him sat "the pope's county agent," Msgr. Ligutti. In town for a celebration of the 60th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, the monsignor was on his way to the bishop's residence for a noon reception.

"Good morning. I'm sorry I can't get out to help you in your garden," the 82 year old man said softly. As the others made their way to the passenger side, he told me he was glad there is a Catholic Worker house in Des Moines.

"I knew Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day in the beginning days of the Catholic Worker movement. Dorothy Day, she is truly a living saint," he continued. (I could imagine Dorothy answering him, "Monsignor, you can't dismiss me that easily.")

"We are sitting on a throne of gold," he added. "The people of the world must realize that the land is one of our most valuable resources." We continued talking about the importance of being part of the nation's bread-basket, and that we must respond

to this responsibility as a Christian people

Fr. Gorman reminded us that they were on their way to the reception. "Before you leave, Monsignor," Frank said, "this is our new house. Will you give it your blessing before you leave?" (I was surprised Frank didn't ask the monsignor to "do his thing" to the house, as he asked Bishop Dingman at our house blessing.) The Monsignor turned, raised his hand and very subtly made a cross, in a manner similar to John XXIII in his latter days, blessing the people from his Vatican apartment.

That was the extent of his visit. He never left the car, and spoke softly, making it hard to understand him at times. He pulled away slowly, stopping again in front of the Catholic Worker House, talking to Gorman, and blessing that house, too. The car then pulled away

We didn't quite know how to react. Ligutti, the rural Iowa priest, former secretary and president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, former head of AgriMissio, and Vatican observer to the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, is a man we hold in great esteem. He is mentioned by Dorothy Day as having an important influence on the Catholic Worker movement in its early years. He helped to establish the Granger homesteads for poor farmers and coal miners just north of Des Moines. His rural social and farming ministries were admired

by popes, government leaders, and laymen alike.

Yet, the man who talked to us from the car, the simple man with the black straw hat, was not an awe inspiring speaker. He was more of the man who you talk to in the shade of a tree about the drought, or walk through corn with and ask advice of on the proper time for detassling. He is a friend to be respected and prayed for.

Eddie and Frank went back into the garden and disappeared in the corn. Kathy and Kevin climbed back onto the porch to watch the world wag by. I went back in the house to prepare lunch, and say a prayer for a friend.

-- Joe Da Via

apology

On the weekend of July 4th, members of our community staged a vigil in front of St. Ambrose Cathedral. The literature circulated contained messages asking people to take personal action to help solve the world's problems.

On one leaflet, A Declaration of Independant Action, I included the names of Sr. Eve Kavanagh and Kathy Miller as signers of the declaration. This was done without their permission. I apologize for any problems this may have caused either of them.

--Joe Da Via

The Green Revolution

Our business managers

have made such a mess of things
that people are inclined to see red.

And when people see red it is useless
to present to them the red, white and blue,
because they can no longer see
the white and blue
of the red, white and blue;
all they can see is red.

The only way

to keep people from seeing red
is to make them see green.

The only way

to prevent a red revolution
is to promote a green revolution.

The only way

to keep people from looking up
to red Russia of the Twentieth Century
is to make them look up
to green Ireland of the Seventh Century.

When Irish scholars

decided to lay the foundations
of medieval Europe they established:

Centers of Thought

in all the cities of Europe
as far as Constantinople
where people could look for thought
so they could have light.

Houses of Hospitality

where Christian Charity was exemplified.

Agricultural Centers

where they combined

1. Cult--that is to say liturgy
2. with Culture--that is to say literature
3. with cultivation--that is to say agriculture.

--Peter Maurin

Catholic Worker Community
P.O. Box 4551
Des Moines, Iowa 50306
(515) 243-0765

Catholic Worker House
713 Indiana

Msgr. Ligutti House of Hospitality
1301 8th Street

~~SR. EVE KAVANAGH, RSCJ
1511 8th STREET APT. #3
DES MOINES, IOWA 50314~~

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